

Same Book, Never The Same Page

by Eyeless Fear

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Summary: Hiccup has been in love with his best friend Jack Frost since forever. Tonight is the night he finally find the courage to confess himself to Jack, but will Jack feel the same way? (Inspired by the song "Same Book, Never The Same Page" by A Day To Remember)

Same Book, Never The Same Page

**A/N: This is my first fan fiction and I am rather nervous about it. I would really appreciate it if people would tell me whether or not this one-shot was good or bad, if there were any spelling or grammatical errors and why or why they didn't enjoy the story.
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Eyeless Fear signing out~

Hiccup's POV

The tears roll down my cheeks, like a never ending waterfall, as I lay down on my messily made bed. Through blurred vision I stared at the pill bottle lying on the floor with its contents absent. I suddenly feel something heavy drop itself onto my lap and I look down and see a sight that makes me smile with what little energy I had left. A huge furry, black snout rests upon my lap with large green eyes looking up at me sadly.

"Why him, Toothless? Why him?" I barely choke out as I rub my hand up and down the old dog's snout, taking in the slick texture of his short black fur. Toothless just raises his head and cocks it to one side, as if asking me why. I inhaled a jaggy sounding sigh and wipe my dripping nose.

"I'm so sorry! I'm so sorry!" I repeat, sounding more and more hysterical with each syllable. He just whines, almost as if he was letting me know that he understood, before laying his head back down on my lap and laying his long front legs onto my lap answer. I

continued stroking Toothless and then suddenly felt the effect of the pills kick in; causing me to stop because my arms felt so heavy and clumsy and lost feeling in my legs. My eyes were still streaming with tears as my eyelids drooped, almost shutting completely.

I yawn loudly, and with the last few moments I most likely had left, I thought about what had happened earlier this nightâ€!

~ Flash Back~

It was a beautiful night, the stars were sparkling almost as bright as Jack's eyes and the warm summer breeze ran through our hair. Jack was walking me home from the huge fair at the local pier. I remember we had so much fun, riding rides together and eating as many deep fried and sugary treats as we could before we started to feel sick.

We talked the whole way on our short journey to my house, hardly ever pausing for long since we never ran out of things to talk about. But when those small and short lived pauses of silence did come , I'd always stare at Jack, drinking in the profile of his face, his nose, and the way his hair hung off his head while he wasn't looking. On those occasions when he turned his head too l, I'd spin my head around lightning fast to hide the burning blush that would grace my cheeks.

I don't think Jack noticed that I did this though; he'd just bring up another topic to talk about and I'd forget my embarrassment and laugh along with him at his crude, yet hilarious jokes, enjoying the sound of his laugh.

It seemed all too soon when our Journey came to an end and we found ourselves at my front porch.

"Well, I guess this is goodbye for now!" Jack said smiling from ear to ear in a way that only Jack could. I just nodded, with a smaller, bust just as genuine smile upon my face. I still didn't move though.

"Is something up?" Jack asked, bending his head down lower so his eyes were levelled with mine, his dark brows contorted into a look of concern. I took a deep breath, It was now or never. Tonight I would tell Jack everything.

"Yes Jack, there is something up," I start, feeling braver with each word I say, "You and I have been friends for years, since we first started high school in fact," I took a quick pause, watching the pale boys face changed from a concerned expression to a confused one.

"Where are you going with this?" He asked, his voice lowered to a husky whisper.

'_Now or never'_ I thought to myself as I reach out towards the boy's face, bringing it closer to mine and placing a long, but soft kiss upon his lip.

"I'm in love with you Jack, I always have been since the moment I saw you," I whisper to him when I finally break apart from him. He just stood there, staring at me for the longest time, looking shocked and

confused.

"I'm sorry Hiccup, but I just don't feel the same way about you," he said gently. I felt a pain stab through my heart and I started to feel a pain under my eyes as I tried to hold back my tears.

"I'm sorry Hiccup," he said once more, trying to lay a hand upon my shoulder, I shoved it away. I felt so embarrassed, I had just admitted my true feelings to my best friend in the world only to find out he didn't feel the same. I turned around and ran to my front door, ignoring Jack's protests as I ran inside, slamming and locking the door shut and ran up the stairs, not stopping until I was safely inside my room.

I just dropped on the floor then and there, letting my tears flow from their restraints. After what seemed like hours of crying, I finally looked up at my alarm clock and wiped away the tears on my face. I noticed my bottle of sleeping pills standing next to it my clock. I got up as soon as the idea popped into my head and walked towards the nightstand where my escape lay.

I unscrewed the lid quickly, and then downed the pills one by one, constantly feeling the embarrassment and cold sting of rejection I faced from my best friend. I knew that if I stayed alive our friendship would never be the same again. I knew that would kill me more than the rejection that I had just faced. After the last pill in the bottle past my lips I decided I would sit on my bed, I did always want to die in my sleep after all.

But, I wanted to grow old first, have a family, travel the world, get a job and spend the time I had left with my lover. Tears started to chase each other down my cheeks as I realised I wouldn't get to experience any of this, I wouldn't get to experience life. It was too late to stop now though.

~End of flashback~

My eyes flicker open and shut, my body trying to fight against the strain of sleep. My mind however has just given up. I let my eyelids close for one last time, with one final tear running down my cheek as they did so.

The end

End
file.